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MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

THE GRAVE.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither, at the northwind's breath
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

WHO has not thought of the dark and gloomy abode of death—the sepulchre alike of the proud king and the humble cottager, along whose brow the cares and labors of years have scattered many a furrow—and whose only hope in the care and turmoil of "life's bleak waste," is the blessed assurance, perchance, of a happy immortality!—There is something in the silent precincts of the 'narrow house,' where all the undisturbed lie together—the mighty and the noble in state magnificent in their ruin, and the one above whose silent breast and mouldering form no storied monument tells how he ended his existence:—There is something, I saw, in all this, which could bow the mighty to the earth, and cause the humble slave to walk with a proud heart, and kindle the eye before him who hates him. This is a common place theme—but the mind of man reverts often to it against his will. There is nothing which gives such blunt to the distinctions of earth;—which by reflection will subdue every cause of envy, as this simple and all important theme.—Look at the mighty of old; the philosophers and statesmen of years gone by! Where are they? How many forgotten? Their deeds are slumbering in the damp of oblivion; the wave of time hath swept even their historians into the boundless sea of eternity—the fallen wall conceals their sepulchres in the lonely ashes of their grandfathers—and the night winds sigh among their ruins, where once the song of joy and the burst of gladness stole forth from the heart of glee; and the lustre of many an eye is shrouded in the deep graves of night which kindled with love and looked abroad on the varied scenes of nature with admiration and delight. Alas! the pride of man has gone down with him into the dust! it withers when the lamp of this transient existence flickers into the long slumbering of the tomb!—Where are they who sounded the clarion of war along the plains of Thessaly, the mount of Marathon, and of "Samose rocky Isle." The trumpet's voice hath died on the breeze—the thunders which it arroused have gone to rest—the castles, which have been subdued and won, on whose walls the spear glittered and the cannon pealed, have crumbled into dust; the ivy lingers about the decaying turrets; the raven builds her nest in the casement, and sends upon the air of midnight her desolating wailings—the owl hoots where the song was heard—and man, proud man, who once fought and won—he who reared the structure,

"Sleeps where all must sleep."

His memory is not in the bosom of the guide who conducts the traveller along the shadowy magnificence of other ages, and he is forgotten! Should not these things, the mutability of earthly grandeur, pour in the soul deep and fastening preparations for the great and last change, when a long and dreamless slumber falls upon man? When the nauseous earth-worm preys alike upon the hero and the cottager, in that narrow house where

"Life's idle throbbings cease.
And pain is lulled to rest."

"Why," says Ossian, "shouldst thou build thy hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from the towers to-day; yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in the empty court, and it whistles around thy halfworn shield!" Then why should man look forth, as he fondly hopes, upon the sunny future, with the eye of fancy, and lay up the golden visions, which have passed like the sunbeam in his pilgrimage, in the hope of brighter ones yet to come, when to-morrow may roll on his coffin, and above his quiet rest the sepulchral yew tremble in the wind! Alas! if there is ought on earth which should subdue pride;—which should make men feel that "the rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all," it is the grave! It is there resentment dies; revenge and ambition are satiated: It is there, above their urn of sorrow, man must learn, that

"Life is a torrid day,
Parch'd by the wind and sun;
And death the calm cool night,
When the weary day is gone."

The main and principal thing which constitutes a good man is a sincere aim and intention to do right. Nothing can supply the place of this, and with it a man has all the ingredients of virtue and righteousness. It is the pivot upon which every thing turns, and a man is valuable and worthy of confidence and esteem, just in proportion as he is governed by a sincere desire to do right.

"I cannot do it," never accomplished any thing—"I'll try," has done wonders.

MISCELLANY.

THE SCEPTIC.

It was a cold, blustering, autumnal afternoon. The sky was covered with a heavy mantle of clouds, and the sun shorn of his beams by the surrounding gloom, was sinking in the west, a huge ball of lurid fire. The wind sighed through the branches of the leafless trees, as if mourning with nature the decay of her beauty. The whole scene was sad and mournful: it was one of those which press down with a leaden hand the soul of man, and murder in their infancy all joyous emotions. It was a striking picture of the desolation of the heart uncheered by the light of religion—a fit emblem of him, who was now to be laid in the tomb.

Few followed the coffin of the suicide, as it was carried to its lonely grave;—for he was one against whom the hearts of all were barred, as were the gates of the consecrated burial-yard against his mortal remains. A few, however, did follow the corpse; sorrowing without comfort, not because the living was numbered with the dead, but because his own rashness, his own infidelity had sealed his doom. The father came,—not in the steadiness of manly sorrow, but tottering under the torture of despair, and shedding scalding tears, which might almost be said to leave on his blanched cheek seared marks of his unending grief. The brothers followed, and over their weeping faces crept the blush of shame, that they were relatives of the disbeliever. The mother was not there. Maternal solicitude could not wait for the last horrid deed. The consciousness that her son, her first born, the boy she had borne in sorrow, and nursed in his weakness, the child that had slept on her bosom, knew no God, had already laid her beneath the cold sod of the valley. But one was there, whose affection and misery surpassed even that of a mother. One, who, too wretched to die, came to perform the last act of womans love, which deserts not even the worthless and wicked at the grave. No tear fell upon her cheek, no convulsive shudder shook her frame. Pale and wan, despair had hardened her features to marble. As they stood around the narrow pit, she would have been a statue, but for the wildness of her dark eye, which flew from the countenances of the bystanders to the bier, and told in its flashes, of reason driven from her throne. The earth fell upon the coffin, and they all departed, without one ray of consolation. The maniac went away also, and the grave was left for the night wind to howl over.

He whose remains were thus interred had lived but a little time; yet that little was crowded with virtue, and sorrow and vice. More evil had grown out of his short existence, than many a longer life had ever witnessed. The tale is melancholy; but may not be without its profitableness.

With much personal beauty Frederick Oldenbert possessed a remarkable mind, but one glance at his pale but expressive countenance showed him different from all others. To an enthusiasm which sometimes approached to madness, was added unshaken firmness, and perfect independence, whenever openly opposed; but he was easily governed by an unseen power. Yet his understanding was strong, and his preception quick, so that the mind that would influence him must have studied human nature deeply. His boyhood gave evidence of these characteristics; as he grew in years they were more and more developed, and new traits appeared. It was his lot to possess a superstitious temperament, and to have, incongruous as it may seem, the seeds of skepticism within him.—Perfect freedom from temptation, and a sincere single-hearted attachment to one as pure in mind as she was lovely in person, had thus far in life preserved him from being injured by his singular disposition and feelings. But this course was not to continue, and a change in his circumstances produced a lamentable change in his character.

When he had reached his eighteenth year, with his mind unmatured, his passions unrestrained, he left his native land to finish his education in Germany. To visit that land had always been the desire of his soul. There he thought he should be able to satisfy his love of romance, and find those who would sympathize in his enthusiasm. He had eagerly devoured all the horrid and supernatural tales, which the genius of that country had produced; and nothing chimed so well with his disposition, as the romantic, poetical and skeptical nature of the German students.

On his arrival he hired apartments and joined one of the most popular universities. Soon becoming acquainted with numbers of his fellow students, he chose the society of those who exhibited the feelings he so much admired.—He would sit for hours and listen to the wild tales, the thrilling legends of his new friends; and his whole soul became wrapped in that peculiar taste which in a degree pervades this nation. As he became more and more acquainted with their language, he gave himself up to the most bold and terrible parts of its literature. He resigned himself to those daring, but unhealthy and scorching minds, which have brought forth pages covered with dark and mysterious speculations, or clouded and dismal tales, instead of pure and instructive volumes. At home, if he had not acted in accordance with the dictates of religious feeling, he had always reverenced the faith of his fathers; but now his reverence was fast fading away, and the volume of sacred truths remained ever unopened. Thus did Oldenbert pass several months, acquiring the worst of those sentiments, feelings and peculiarities, which distinguished many of his new companions.

The day dreams of Frederick would lie down with him and haunt his sleep. Scarcely a night passed, that, waking from his thick coming and torturing fancies, he did not rise and endeavor to ease his mind by strolling through the city. The deep stillness of midnight seemed to quiet his restless spirit, as he wandered about, recalling the scenes of former days. In one of his rambles he found himself opposite to an old church, just as the deep-toned clock struck the hour of twelve. It was a night over which sublimity seemed to preside.—The moon was drifting through her sea of blue like a noble ship, and softening in her course the rough features of earth into a smile, as the affection of woman melts the sternness of man into a kindred feeling. The solemn warning voice of the bell died away, and silence resumed her reign. Finding the door of the cathedral open, Oldenbert entered almost unconsciously. The moon-beams through the Gothic windows, played around the marble statues, and seemed to substitute a reality for the pictured light of glory which surrounded the altar piece. Thinking himself alone, he walked up to the tesselated pavement, and leaned, lost in a deep reverie, against a pillar. He was soon aroused by a tap on the shoulder, and accosted by a tall figure wrapped in a dark cloak.

"How now Oldenbert?" exclaimed the stranger, "what are you here for at this hour? come you to bow before you daub like other trembling fools? or has the moon with her magic light beguiled you from your couch?"

As he ceased speaking, the muffled cloak dropped from his face, and Frederick shuddered when he beheld the countenance of Faustendorff, a fellow student. "I know not what brought me hither; but perhaps the impulse that led you may be more definable," answered Oldenbert. "I come," said the student, with a laugh, "I come to see how the temple of deluded man looks by moonlight." The tone and look of the speaker were almost withering. His face wore the ghastly paleness of death, and his dark, fiery eyes seemed to sparkle with unearthly light, from beneath his long thick eye-brows; while his hoarse, deep tones, echoed through the church like a voice from the charnel-house.

"What is the matter man;" he continued after a pause, "you shiver like a boy whom darkness has overtaken on his way from market, and who sees a spectre in every bramble bush. Surely *you* have more mind and soul than to give way to the forms or farces of the world. Surely the mummeries of religion cannot impose upon *you*; or if you fear that these statues will start from their pedestal and strangle you, come to my chambers and warm your skin with Burgundy." Thus saying, he led the way, and his companion, as if he had lost all power over himself, silently followed.

The student who had thus met Oldenbert had been at the university nearly two years. He was a mysterious being. No one knew from whence he came.—He was noted for his infidelity, and the unfeeling sarcasm with which he derided all religion. He seemed to have a determined hatred of all that was good or lovely; and his stories at their nightly meetings were always the most terrible and blasphemous. Frederick had met him in company, and felt himself drawn towards him by a horrid and unnatural attraction.

They soon arrived at the chambers.—"There," said Faustendorff, pointing to a death's head, carved on a goblet, as they seated themselves for a debauch, "there is the only divinity I worship,—Death, the eternal sleep of the grave, the crumbling away to senseless dust, to utter nothingness, is all I regard as omnipotent." Infidelity like this would seem enough to rack the strongest mind. But Frederick appeared to have lost the common feelings of man. It seemed as if, breathing the same air, he had inhaled the demoniac spirit of his fiend-like friend, and an "amen" burst from his lips, as Faustendorff ended his exclamation. They sat long over their wine.—Innumerable tales of horror and impiety were told and listened to with savage delight; and from that hour Oldenbert became an infidel.

This horrible connexion grew stronger and stronger. The cold reasonings and taunting scoffs of the student, broke down, one after another, the good feelings and virtuous principles of Oldenbert, until their character became so alike, that one was but a fac-simile of the other. It was their delight to mar, with their licentious philosophy, the fairest pages in the book of nature; to introduce some damned spectre of their own creation in the brightest pictures of life. They arrayed themselves against all that was lovely, and under the most facinating guise, went about destroying virtue and happiness, however beautiful the shrines which enclosed them. I cannot, neither would I if I could, tell of all their wickedness, degradation and hypocrisy. I will hasten to the last scene of the infidels' life, and leave them to the fate their depraved hearts courted.

There was at this time, at the University, the only descendant of a noble family. A young Baron Elsdorff inherited all the lofty and chivalric character of his ancestors; but a melancholy, arising from the altered fortunes of his house, kept him silent and retired. He seldom visited his fellow students; but when he did, the gentleness and noble sentiments he exhibited won for him universal esteem. In his person he was tall and finely formed. His countenance was exceedingly fair; and his golden locks played around his high white forehead like the rays of a setting sun ahead a snow drift. The young nobleman cherished a devoted affection for one who was lovely and innocent; uniting to all the delicacy of her sex, a mind capable of sympathising with the high-souled nature of her lover. Against this fair being Faustendorff and Oldenbert aimed their fell machinations.—They were using all their arts to destroy her peace, and straining every power to substitute a sullied lily for the rose the Baron so fondly cherished, when he discovered their designs. Burning with a holy indignation, he challenged Frederick, who gladly accepted the call, as it gave him an opportunity for ridding himself of one obstacle to his wishes.

The place of meeting was a dark and narrow dell. The black cliffs which overhung it, the dark company of trees which crowded around, and the stagnant pool which laid like waters of bitterness, gave to it a gloomy and terrific aspect, and fitted it well for an accused murder. At the appointed time both parties were present. The Baron was alone, but Oldenbert came attended by his evil genius. Faustendorff, to add horror to the scene, had dug a grave and placed a coffin beside it. Dark masses of clouds were rolling up, in awful grandeur, from the west, as if to frown upon the scene; and the deep rumbling of the thunder reverberated among the hills like the angry and warning voice of outraged heaven; whilst the forked lightning darted its fire incessantly into the dell. Such an accumulation of horrors would have terrified the firmest soul;—but there is no courage like that which is called forth to revenge insults offered to the idol of the heart. Elsdorff stood firm. A deadly paleness overspread his countenance, but the flashes of his eye showed it to be anything but an index of fear. Not a word was spoken.—Faustendorff, with a grin of malice on his features, marked out the ground.—The combatants took their places, the word was given, and they fired. Oldenbert remained unharmed. "Oh my God, poor Heloise!" murmured the Count, as he reeled and fell dead at the feet of his adversary. A dark smile of triumph passed between the unnatural friends, as they calmly proceeded to bury the body.

The storm came nearer and nearer; the thunder rolled louder and louder;—the lightning flashed more and more vivid; when, just as Faustendorff was throwing the first shovel-full of gravel on the coffin, there came a long, blue darting flash, followed by a crash that seemed

"As if the ribs of nature broke."

When Oldenbert dropt his hand from his eyes, which were almost blinded, he saw his companion, a blackened corse stretched in the grave.

Within a few days Frederick was on his voyage homeward. The uniformity and comparitive solitude, which succeeded, produced a re-action on his mind. His delusions faded away one by one, and disclosed the monster within his bosom. All the false drapery and gorgeous speculations which he had wrapt around his philosophy, had vanished. The lips that had whispered cutting sarcasms and demoniac doctrines into his ears, were scorched to ashes by the avenging fires of heaven. He found himself loaded with sins, without support—without consolation,—with a moral vulture preying upon his heart. His soul had lost its intoxicating excitement, and lay paralyzed, gazing on a horrid fiend of her own creation—her own idol

Having no sympathy with his fellow-men, he sought to drown all thought in the inebriating cup; and when he reached his native village, he was a loathsome image of intemperance and infidelity.—Sometimes in a lucid moment, he would brood deeply on self-murder. But he had not yet been able wholly to shut out the fear of the future. He had only barred his heart against it for a time, and new it again found entrance, and he dared not trust to death for freedom.

The fame of his misdeeds had gone before Oldenbert, and when he arrived at his native village, distracted by his deep draughts of wine, his guilt and the thousand recollections which crowded around his heart, he saw hate painted on every countenance. He passed by the church-yard, and the grave of his mother met his view. He reached his home, and saw his father ready to lie down in sorrow by her side. His brothers avoided him, his friends had forgotten him; while the sight of him, the abandoned outcast one, was all that was wanting to lay waste the intellect of the maiden who had loved him with her whole soul. There was no peace, no comfort, no joy for him. He could not live, he could not even endure existence. He wandered about a few days in misery, when one morning the report of a pistol was heard in his room,—and Frederick Oldenbert was no more. In his bible, presented by his mother when he enjoyed the innocency of childhood, were found the following lines:

"Driven on by destiny, self-murder must close the catalogue of my sins.—Before this is read, I shall be no more. What am I that I should live? An outcast, going about like the wandering Jew, with the burning cross stamped upon my brow. I am a second Judas. If there be a God—I have known no God.——But what comes after death. No matter. Let this bible, never opened by me, be given to her who has been so constant to me, as I have been false to all. F. O."

One beautiful summer's evening, nearly a year from the funeral of Frederick, the maniac was seen to go up the little hill on whose summit he was buried.—When her friends, from whom she has wandered, came to the spot, they found her clasping the cold marble with the unrelaxing grasp of death. The little bible had fallen from her hand—a smile seemed still to linger on her pale and beautiful countenance—but her soul had winged its way to be at peace forever!

LITTLE JACK.

While the frigate United States was lying in the harbor of Norfolk, some time anterior to the declaration of war in 1812, a little boy in peticoats was in the habit of accompanying his mother, a poor woman who frequently visited the ship to wash for some of the crew. The lad, whose name was John Kreamer, soon became a favorite with the sailors, and it was determined by them, if his mother would consent, to adopt him as one of their number. He came on board and recommended himself by his activity and shrewdness to the favor of every one. War was subsequently declared against Great Britain and the frigate sailed upon a cruise, in which she captured the enemy's frigate Macedonian. As the two vessels were approaching each other, Commodore Decatur, who was standing upon the quarter deck, watching with his glass the movements of his adversary, noticed that little Jack appeared anxious to speak to him.—'What do you want?' said Decatur.—Jack coolly answered 'that he had come to ask that his name might be enrolled on the ship's books!' 'For what purpose?' said the commodore. 'Because,' replied Jack, 'I want to draw my share of the prize money.' Pleased with the boy's confident anticipation of victory, Decatur immediately gave orders to have his name registered, and when the prize money allowed by Congress was distributed, Jack received his proportion.—From that time he was regarded by the Commodore with more than ordinary interest, was taken into his cabin, and prepared for the important duties of a higher station. He was constantly about Decatur's person, and acted as the cockswain of his own barge. So soon as his age would justify an application to the Navy Department for a Midshipman's warrant, it was made, and promptly complied with. Little Jack, as he was familiarly styled by the sailors, was then transformed into Mr. Kreamer, and was with Decatur in the President when she was captured, and in the Guerriere in the expedition to Algiers. He afterwards sailed in the Franklin 74, with Com. Stewart, to the Pacific Ocean.—This was his last cruise. He was upset

in one of the ship's boats by [illegible] squall in the harbor of Valparaiso, and sunk to the bottom before any assistance could be afforded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EVENTS IN FRANCE.

The rapid succession of astonishing events in France have set European nations *a thinking*. "Not a fortnight ago," says a deputy, "we were under the empire of legitimacy and of right divine.—To-day we are under the influence of National sovereignty." A fortnight before it would have been madness to utter such a sentence in the Chamber of Deputies. Now hundreds are contending, are bold contending for the same great principles that animated our Revolutionary fathers. The sovereignty, we are told, again and again, belongs to the nation; it is unalienable and imperscriptible. The great and good Lafayette, whose whole life has been one of portentous importance, who, whether under a despotism or a republic, an anarchy or an oligarchy, in all of which he has been distinguished, has never wavered from the sternest path of duty, and who, (another tribute to his greatness) has never been guilty of inconsistency, or a dereliction of opinion, from the moment when he first trod American soil to the "glorious 27th," when he left Lagrange for Paris with the despotic ordinances of Charles X. in his hand, now has an opportunity to display his Republicanism in the Capital of France. We find him Aug. 7th, ascending the Tribune and making the following speech, which was said to be listened to in the profoundest silence: *Portland Advertiser.*

"In ascending the tribune for the purpose of expressing an opinion opposed to that of many friends of liberty, I am not yielding to a momentary impression nor am I courting popularity, which I never preferred to my duty. The Republican principles which I have professed throughout my life, and under all governments, do not prevent me from being the defender of a Constitutional Throne raised by the people. The same sentiments animate me under the present circumstances, when it is judged desirable to raise to a Constitutional Throne the Prince Lieutenant General, (the Duke of Orleans) and I am bound to avow that this choice the more perfectly fulfils my wishes the more I became acquainted with him. I did not partake of the opinion entertained by many of my fellow-citizens as to an hereditary Peerage A disciple of the American school, I have always conceived it to be necessary that the Legislative body should be divided into two Chambers, differently constituted; but I have never been able to comprehend how people could be hereditary Lagislators and Judges. I have always thought that the introduction of Aristocracy into public institutions, was mixing them with a bad ingredient. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that I find you occupied with a project that meets the sentiments I have professed throughout my life, and which I only now repeat. My conscience forced me to make this repetition, and declare that I hope shortly to see the hereditary Peerage suppressed. My fellow-citizens will do me the justice to acknowledge, that if I have always been the upholder of liberty, I have at the same time been the upholder of order."

Thus we find the Legislators of France combatting "the hereditary principle," and Lafayette boldly contend'ng for the suppression of hereditary peerage.

Legitimacy, indeed, not only in France but in Europe is shaken to its foundation. The English Revolution of 1688 was an important lesson to monarchs; but its results were not so liberal, nor the principles established so glorious as have flown from the election of the Duke of Orleans to the throne. Monarchs are taught, that they *can do wrong*, and that no dignity, no exaltation, nor power can violate a charter with impunity. The fearful fall of Charles X. and the sudden and comparatively tranquil re-establishment of the monarchy on broader and more liberal foundations, must impress upon every ruler the necessity of listening to the powerful monitions that rise up from the people. No barrier of musketry, no *proclamations* of cannon, can withstand the tumultuous gathering of the whole People, when they are driven by one generous and unanimous impulse to the support of the same great principle. Corruption may take effect, and with its insidiousness, beguile even the Argus-eyes of the multitude; and here our rulers are to be watched, and here is "tyranny to be snuffed in every tainted breeze;" but oppression, brutal oppression my wield all its energies in vain, for there is a pulsation in man, that forces even the coward to be brave when he is oppressed; there is a pride, a consciousness of independence, which education and liberality have so deeply engraven on the mind, that no power can forever repress them. The time has been, when Charles X. could have escaped with impunity; and he might have done even more in the present liberal age of the world, if he had resorted to the corruption of the press, and disguised tyranny under the softer and canting name of "Reform," but a melancholy demonstration has convinced him that "ordonances" at which the Press has hurled its anathemas, are as powerless as bubbles, when fulminated against the people.

We say this prostration of legitimacy in France has set the world *a thinking*. Already are the crowned heads of the continent, whose contiguity to France, is fearful, while legitimacy is in danger, trembling at the distant revolution, which haunts them though invisible, like the visionless spectre whose existence was known, but whose ingress and egress were unnoted. Spain is already lighted up, if accounts in the British papers can be credited. It truly behoves all despots to set their house in order and to prepare their long farewell, or else to succumb to the genius of Republicanism which must triumph every where, one day or other.

IMPORTANT FROM SPAIN.—The following information, says the Sun, has came to hand this morning, and is contained in a letter addressed to a Spanish officer, dated Madrid, Aug. 7, "Madrid is now in the greatest confusion, owning to the great political change that has taken place in Paris. Last night an express arrived here with an account of the procedings of the 27th, 28th, and 29th ult. in France, and the complete overthrow of the Bourbons. The French nation, notwithstanding the horrors which we suffered during their tyranical reign in our country, must now be consider d the first nation in the world.—Paris has rendered itself a modern Rome. Charles encouraged the Jesuits, and by the appointment of Ministers whose names were execrated, has forfeited his throne. The result of the late transactions in Paris has created the gratest enthusiasm in the bosom of the liberal and proud Castilians. It is the sole topic of conversation on the Prado, and in the Cafes. The King and the whole Royal Family were horror-struck at the intelligence of the downfall of their Royal relative, and the greatest anxiety shows itself about the court.

To-day their majesties leave here for Escurial, where the bigoted Ferdinand will have time to reflect on the unsettled state of his government. The condition of affairs here is dreadful in the extreme; business is at a stand still and the country in a complete agitation. The Carlists are doing every thing in their power to overthrow the present order of things. Conspiracies are forming in every part of the Kingdom. Andalusia and Catalonia are ready to support a change which might lead to a more liberal form of Government. The Royal coffers are nearly empty, and the Revenue has fallen off considerably in the last year. The officers of all the regiments excepting the Royal Guards, are getting in arrears of pay, and much dissatisfaction is beginning to show itself—and, depend upon it, should any event take place, which is more probable than you imagine, the crisis will be a fearful one.

Orders have just been sent off by the government to the Justices of the peace, alcades and governors of all the principal towns throughout Spain, to prevent the propagation of the news of the glorious revolution in France, fearing lest some feeling should show itself.

Letters from Madrid of the fourth instant, state that the intelligence of the great events which took place in Paris during the last week in July, had been received there and notwithstanding the great pains taken by the government to prevent their being publicly known, it was found impossible to keep them secret. Groups of anxious inquirers immediately collected at the Puerto del Sol which is the greatest political rendezvous in the capital. A great public excitement was so far produced by the discussions as to call for the deliberations on the subject of a Council of State. The result of the deliberations was speedily transmitted to the King, at his residence of San Ildefonso. Orders were also transmitted to the Spanish authorities at the French frontiers, not to suffer a single newspaper to come into Spain, and to be careful in opening and examining the contents of all private letters, and destroy all those which made the least allusion to late and passing occurrences.

Rumors were also in circulation, that 10,000 men on the frontiers of Spain had hoisted the tri-colored cockade—that an insurrection had broken out at Bisca, that the insurgents had captured St. Sabastian, and were on their march to Madrid.

Greatest Voyage ever made.—The ship Loper, Capt. Obed Starbuck, of this port, arrived on Tuesday last from the Pacific Ocean, and 85 days from Cocimbo, with a full cargo of Sperm oil, and *oil on deck*, to Messrs. Levi and Joseph Starbuck. The Loper was absent only 14 months and 16 days: and to form a climax to success before unequalled, Capt. S. took a whale on Sunday last, and did not finish boiling till a few hours previous to his arrival.

On the voyage, the Loper often had several large whales alongside at once, was full of blubber between decks, and two boats off after more. This is whaling with a vengeance; and it must be that Capt. S. possesses the spirit of enchantment, which attracts the Leviathans of the ocean around his ship. If his unparralleled success is the effect of his superior *skill* in the art of whaling, would it not be proper for him to communicate it to others of the same profession, who are now *three* years in performing exploits for which he requires little more than *one?*—*Nantucket Inq.*

Mr. Reynolds, who went out in one of the discovery ships, writes thus to a friend in Philadelphia:—

VALPARAISO, May 6, 1830.

We have made this port for refreshments after a long cruise in the South Seas. We were 35 days among the South Western extremity stood off on a cruise to about 180 deg. west lon. and between the parallels of 60 and 70 deg. south. It was late when we left the United States, and when we reached the high latitudes, the long and dark nights had set in and the rugged weather fairly commenced.

What we saw and collected will be the subject of a long evening's conversation on our return. The number of ice bergs we encountered was astonishingly great, three or four hundred passed in a single day; to command the motions of a vessel and the floating colonades of ice drifting and whirling each other in blind wantonness to destruction, requires the highest exertion of nautical skill.

From this port we shall proceed to the least frequented parts of the coast of California, and probably return South again next season.

EXECUTION OF JOHN FRANCIS KNAPP.

J. F. Knapp was executed at Salem agreeably to the sentence of the law, on Tuesday morning last at a quarter before nine o'clock. It is said Knapp left some writings, which he had been several days preparing, for the use of his friends and Counsel. Whether they contain disclosures, or a defence of his own character, or suggestions in relation to the trial of his brother, is not yet known. His declaration of his own innocence at the last moment of his existence must produce a painful impression on the public mind, whatever may be thought as to the truth of it.

We gather the following particulars from a hand-bill, with which we were politely favored by Mr. Wm. D. Little, who came passenger yesterday in the mail-stage from Boston.—*Daily Courier.*

An immense concourse from Salem and the adjoining towns were present to witness the dreadful ceremony, which was throughout conducted in the most orderly and impressive manner. At half after 8, the unhappy young man, having taken a last solemn leave of his family in the cell in which he has been confined since the sentence, he proceeded from the jail, accompanied by Bishop Griswold, and Joseph E. Sprague, Esq. High Sheriff of Essex.

The place of execution was at the north end of the jail, and within the prison yard. He was attended on the scaffold by Bishop Griswold, the High Sheriff and four Deputies. The death warrant having been read to the multitude, Knapp was asked if he was ready, he replied "yes," and precisely at 14 minutes before nine, launched into eternity. He died without a struggle, and was composed to the last moment. Thus perished John F. Knapp.

The following is the substance of Knapp's dying protest,—

I solemnly declare before God, that I am innocent of the crime for which I am about to suffer an ignominious death. It is true, that in my destruction, the public will have the consolation of thinking, that among the benefits derived from my sentence, will be found the salutary encouragement given to other offenders, to offend to the last degree, and to divest outrage of no single aggrivation. *I have not had an impartial trial.* On my first trial it was my wish to have summoned witnesses, some to bear testimony to redeeming points in my own character, others to invalidate the oath of the principal witness against me;* a man whom I saved from destruction, in order that he might destroy me. This reasonable request was denied me, and I am condemned to die upon the scaffold. I shall offer nothing upon the extraordinary severity with which I have thro'out been treated. The public press has already said of me, what little good does but shock the truth; and had I not possessed something of those qualities which society does not disesteem, I could not undergone what I have since my arrest. Had I been acquitted I should have left this country, perhaps forever, and commenced a new career abroad.

But it has been ordered otherwise; I am convicted, and I perish. Leaving, as I shall my own character to the ordeal of report, I cannot perhaps do better than leave to the same criterian that of the witnesses against me. I will candidly own that, under other circumstances, it might have been otherwise. I will candidly avow that I should then have used such means as the laws of my country allows me, to procure an acquittal, and to prolong my existence, though in a new scene. My hours are fast drawing to a close. It is some consolation, however, not again to stand where I have twice stood, to go through the humbling solemnities which I have before undergone, to see the smile of scorn, and retort the frown of others, to wrestle with the anxiety of the heart, and to depend on the caprice of the excited nerves. It is something to feel one part of the drama of disgrace is over, and that I may wait unmolested in my cell until for one time only I am again the butt of the unthinking, and the monster of the crowd. I am resigned to my fate, but on the oath of one who has but a single step on the threshold of eternity, I now, for the last time, declare my entire innocence of the horrid crime of which I have been convicted. Amen.

*Palmer, the notorious State Prison convict.

Since the above was put in type, we have received an account which will be found in this column, by which it seems the protest of Knapp, here inserted, is a falsehood.

The Salem Gazette printed on the evening before the execution contains the following paragraph:

The two brothers, J. F. Knapp, and J. J. Knapp, Jr. had an interview on Saturday evening. They both requested it of the gaoler and were indulged; he conducted Joseph from his cell (in the third story of the prison) to the condemned cell of Frank on the lower floor. They spent some time together. It was the first time they had met since they were carried into Court together to be arraigned, about two months ago. Frank was calm and firm; Joseph is wasted and feeble in body, and appears miserable and broken down in body and spirit, having little appetite for food, enjoying little rest, and with difficulty uttering articulate words. To the question from Joseph, whether Frank was really as well as he appeared to be, Frank replied "Yes, I can sleep as sound now on the soft side of a plank as I ever could."

Yesterday they were indulged with antoher interview—their *last* in this world! They bade each other a last *Farewell*, under such circumstances, as must give poignancy to pain and sharpness to agony.

Particulars of the Execution of Knapp.—It appears from the papers received yesterday, that the hand-bills circulated on the day of Knapp's execution, purporting to give his dying protest, &c. were miserable fictions, got up for the purpose of picking the pockets of the multitude. Let those who resort to such criminal conduct beware, lest *their* turns should come to have their necks stretched.

The Boston Transcript of Tuesday evening, gives the following particulars, furnished by an aged citizen of Boston, who witnessed the execution.—*Courier*

"He was present in the jail when the Prisoner was brought out from his cell, and witnessed the execution. He informs us that Knapp came out, leaning upon the arm of Bishop Griswold—that he was pinioned in the entry—that he walked with a steady step and ascended the gallows with great firmness.—He left the jail at half past 8 o'clock, and was launched into eternity in ten minutes afterwards. There was no apparent signal made by the prisoner; his elbows were pinioned to his sides, so as to permit him to reach his neckcloth with his hand—the drop fell—he grasped his cravat with a strong convulsive motion, and died instantly.

"It is not known that he has made any confession. He was asked by the Bishop if he wished to address the spectators, and he answered "that he was afraid he should not have sufficient firmness." Our informant adds that not a muscle of his face changed even for a moment; that his countenance appeared as fresh as if he had been imprisoned only for a day. He breakfasted with much composure. Last evening he ate his supper as usual, and about 11 o'clock at night told one of the under keepers that he was hungry, and asked for food; it was brought him, he ate it with a good appetite, and fell asleep in about 15 minutes afterwards. He woke this morning at half past 4 o'clock, but evinced no signs of extraordinary distress, nor displayed any consciousness of his perilous circumstances. Prayers were offered in his cell before leaving it, and no exertions were spared by the worthy bishop to bring him to a sense of his situation.

"Our informant is fast verging upon his eightieth year, but says that in the whole course of his life, during which time he had been called upon to innumerable executions, he never saw a prisoner, who during the whole scene displayed so much coolness, self-possession, and firmness. After he left the jail he was not heard to utter a syllable to any person near him."

His deportment, (says the Boston Palladium) though composed was devoid of levity or effrontery. The moment before the cap was drawn over his face, he lifted up his eyes and took one wide, rapid, and last view of sky, earth and waters. Between four and five thousand persons were present "*as am-eurs;*" and, among them, we are sorry to say, were many *females*. The body of Knapp was given to his friends; and it was interred at seven o'clock, last evening, in the Branch Burial Ground.—His grave is near the centre of that handsome cementrey, and by the side of that of his *mother*, Mrs. Abigail P. Knapp, who died about three years ago. The grave of Capt. White, the victim of his cruel cupidity, is only a few rods distant from his.

HOW TO PROLONG LIFE.—Once upon a time a traveller stept into a post coach. He was a young man just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them grey headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least 80 winters. Our young traveller was struck with the mild and happy aspect which distinguished all his fellow passengers, and determined to ascertain the secret of long life and the art of making old age comfortable. He first addressed the one apparently the oldest, who told him that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water; inasmuch as he liked the good things of this life. He addressed the second, who astounded him by saying he had always eat roast beef and gone to bed regularly fuddled for seventy years—adding, that all depended on regularity. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office—the fourth by resolutely abstaining from all political or religious controversies, and the fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five—his hair was less grey and there was more of it—a placid smile, denoting a perfectly easy conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong. They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. 'How,' exclaimed our young traveller, "how is it you have thus preserved the freshness of life—where there is one wrinkle on your brow there are fifteen on that of each and every one of your juniors—tell me, I pray, your secret of long life!" 'It is no great mystery,' said the old man, 'I have drank water and wine—I have eat meat and vegetables—I have held a public office—I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes gone to bed at sunset and sometimes at midnight, got up at sunrise and at noon—but I ALWAYS PAID PROMPTLY FOR MY NEWSPAPER!!!!!'—*Rachester Craft.*

GRAND INDIAN COUNCIL.—We are informed by a gentleman who was present at the Grand Indian Council, at Tonnawanda village, that SUSEAWEYE, (or Jimmy Johnson,) a Pagan Chief of the Tonnewanda tribe, was chosen on Sunday last, to fill the place vacated by the decease of the great and lamented Red Jacket. The ceremonies on the occasion were interesting and solemn, and lasted three days. Many of the chiefs addressed the assembled multitude;—some to the length of four and five hours. A large collection of Indian beauty attended the council, and the evenings were enlivened by the dances peculiar to the natives. Our informant says that taste, grace and beauty were the characteristics of their various figures—surpassing the most beautiful and fascinating dances of the whites. The Indian ladies have the advantage over their fairer neighbors in their dances, as they select their own partners among the men, instead of being selected by them the squaw, in a measured step, keeping the most exact time, and with a grace which cannot be surpassed, moves up to the Indian whom she has chosen for a partner, when he immediately leaves the circle in which he is standing, in the same measured step, and joins her in the dance.—*Batavia Advocate.*

CITY HALL.—This antiquated edifice is modernized, and bears much such an appearance as would one of our grandmother's gowns transformed into a modern ball dress, or a three cornered revolutionary hat turned into one of Rhodes' comicals. The interior of the building is wholly altered, and is rendered commodious for the purposes to which it is now devoted. The Post Office is in every respect, convenient to the public; the Reading Room is the most spacious and the most elegant anywhere to be found in America. The rooms for the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, are handsomely, and even superbly fitted up.—*Boston Palladium.*

Convention of American Literati.—A Convention of professors from every quarter of the Union, is, according to the N. Y. Courier, to meet in the city of New York, under the auspices of and in connection with the new University of New York, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of advancing the higher branches of education.

"Short and Sweet."—The news of the events in Paris was carried to Brussels by pigeons; and as a pigeon cannot carry more words than a telegraph, the art of loconic writing is necessarily in request. One of them is said to have borne this pithy sentence, "Paris up—the King down—the Ministers off."

BEES.—In Charleston Va. an innumerable swarm of bees ascertained that a merchant had a tierce containing 30 or 40 gallons of West India honey in his cellar. In three days they carried off the whole.

The Observer.

NORWAY, TUESDAY, OCT. 5.

NOTICE.

In consequence of a communication which was published in the Observer several weeks since under the signature of M. M. S. on the subject of tattling, a story has been put in circulation by which it is stated that M. M. S. implicated Mrs. M. C. as the person who was alluded to in said communication, we feel it a duty, by way of reparation, to inform all concerned that she is innocent of the charge.

The following is the result of the returns of the votes for Governor, as nearly as we have been able to collect them. Six towns and plantations only remain to be heard from.

Counties.	Hunton.	Smith.
York,	3866	4524
Cumberland,	4285	5416
Oxford,	2312	3236
Lincoln,	4275	3387
Kennebec,	5236	2985
Somerset,	2692	2275
Penobscot,	1854	2870
Hancock,	1361	1300
Waldo,	1440	3021
Washington,	1183	1084
	28514	30074
		28514

Smith's Plurality 1560

[From the Bluehill Beacon.]

FREEMEN OF MAINE!!
SEE WHAT AWAITS YOU.
YOUR REVENUES SUBVERTED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

☞Below, our readers have an exposition of the means used, by some of the friends of Judge Smith, to defeat the republican party. We would not for a moment give place to the idea that such measures are countenanced by all his supporters; but the respectability of the source from whence *this* comes, entitles it much credit. Mr. Tapley is an honest, industrious, and independent freeman, who would be the last to be barter away his liberties, or be made the instrument of degrading his fellow-citizens. This statement is one of the many that might be furnished, were not those possessed of facts, INTIMIDATED BY THREATS OF VENGEANCE, if they disclosed.

As the Jackson party, in and about Castine, are continually asserting that they have not made any extraordinary exertions to effect the election of their favorite candidates, I give you the following, which if you think proper, you are at liberty to publish; and if any of the persons implicated think proper to deny, I am ready and willing to testify to the truth of it before a magistrate.—About twelve or fourteen days since, I was at Castine, and *Robert McFarland* (1) asked me to go one side with him. I did so; he then asked me if I would not go a day or two and electioneer for their party, and *Col. Carpenter* would pay me well for it. He also asked me if I did not think that Joseph P. Parker would do some good if he should go with me; and also suggested to me the propriety of taking a JUG OF RUM with us. I asked him what time he wished me to commence my tour. His answer was, about the middle of next week; and he wished me then to call and see him. A few days after the above conversation, I was at Castine, and *Thomas J. Whiting* (2) asked me to step one side with him. I did so. He then asked me how I thought the people would vote in Brooksville. I told him no danger—all was going well. Our conversation then turned respecting the cutter that is now building at Bluehill, and I asked him if he was going to be master of her. His reply was, yes. I then said to him, I should like to go your pilot.—He then said "I want two and you shall go for one, provided you use your exertions for our party." On Monday the 13st inst. I was at Castine, and *John H. Jarvis* (3) came to me and said, "Tapley, use your influence for our party today, and if Wm. B. Webber gets more votes in your town than Jos. Bryant does come to my store after election, and any thing that I have you shall have it, and if have not got it, if money will buy it, you shall have it.

ROBERT TAPLEY.

Brooksville, Sept. 15, 1830.

(1) Robert McFarland—one of the host of political missionaries, who were employed a few days previous to the election in taking the census, slandering our best men, and getting votes for S. E. Smith, &c.

(2) Thomas J. Whiting—an exclusive republican, by the grace of King Andrew I. post master at Castine; superintendent and master of the revenue Cutter now on the stocks, and according to report, inspector under the "Marquis of Passadunkeag.

(3) John H. Jarvis—late a violent Federalist; now by the transmographying virtues of the Jackson dye-pot, a true-blue Jackson democratic republican, and most potent adviser to the Marquis of Passadunkeag."

ANOTHER CURIOSITY.—We have in our possession some of the votes thrown in Newfield, which our readers can see by calling at our office. Some of the votes given for the Jackson Representative in that town are so small that they can scarcely be seen with a microscope. "N. Clifford" is written on a piece of paper not an inch long, and with scarcely any width at all. The Senatorial votes are proportionately small. These votes were found in the ballot box rolled up in squads, and no doubt remains, but five or six, or perhaps a dozen, were thrown by some individuals. The votes for Governor were written on a piece of paper three or four inches square, so as to conceal the little ones within, like a nest of boxes. It can be proved that more votes were counted than there were voters present, who voted. Yet a Jackson selectman counted all, even those that could with difficulty be seen with spectacles. An anti-Jackson selectman left the board. The Jackson selectmen, we hear, have been prosecuted.—*Portland Advertiser.*

The question is often asked, how is the triumph of Jacksonism in this State to be accounted for? We will offer a few reasons in answer to this question.

1st. There is a strong tendency among the people to be on the strongest side—to be with the majority. Gen. Jackson was elected President by a majority of the people of the United States. Many persons therefore, although they disliked the man and still dislike him, consider it their *duty* to acquiesce in the decision, and that it may be for their *interest* so to do. One cunning office-seeker may and often does draw fifty honest men after him in changing sides.

2d. A great many persons consider it next to high treason to be found in opposition to the General Government.—Do what they may it will not do to oppose the National Administration.—Great numbers have fallen into the Jackson ranks in this State from this consideration.

3d. The Jackson party in this State numbers in its ranks a large proportion of those men who are *politicians by profession*—who are skilled in all the arts and tricks of party electioneering and who stick at nothing to carry their points Destitute of political honesty themselves they consider all others equally as unprincipled and resort to means to obtain votes which men of integrity and principle will never condescend to imitate. Many of these *political jugglers* are seated in high places and are well paid for their services. The small fry scattered about the country—the adjutants, quarter masters and sergeants of "the party"—are willing and obedient servants to their masters and do all they are bid with the utmost alacrity. These "little Jacksons" are all expecting their *reward*. Some a Justice's commission—some a four and six-penny post office—some to be deputy sheriff's, some to go representative *next year*, &c. The larger part of them, however, will get nothing but *promises*.

4th. Much has been effected by the cry of *federalism* set up and kept up with such unblushing effrontery by the Jackson papers. We might say *every thing* has been effected by this cry. Without it the present state of things never could have been produced. From the beginning it has been the constant aim of the Jackson papers to impress upon the people the belief that by supporting Mr. Adams they were identifying themselves with the old federal party—and ever since the election of Jackson all have been indiscriminately denounced as *federalists* who do not choose to support him. Men who are incapable of using any other argument can cry out *federalism*, and that answers every purpose.—A great many honest men in this County who are as much opposed to Jackson's course as we are, have voted and acted with the Jackson party for no other reason than the dread of being called federalists. What the term means they know not—they know it is used as a reproach and that is sufficient to induce them to avoid its application to them.

It will be seen from the above that we attribute the late triumph of the Jackson party in this State to very different reasons than the popularity of Gen. Jackson and his administration—and that such is the fact no intelligent man will deny. When it is well known that there are three or four Jackson men in this State who could with three months drilling carry more than half of the Jackson party here in direct opposition to the Hero and every act of his administration and make them avow (what they already believe) that he is not and never was fit for the station which he holds, it is nousence for the Jackson papers to attribute the result of our late election to the popularity of Jackson or the measures of his administration.

Somerset Journal.

Operations for blindness from birth.—Dr. Mannor, of Geneva, has lately performed this operation on a boy 8 years of age, who had from his birth been affected with a cataract in both eyes. The pupils, which were very sensible to light had been dilated by extract of belladonna Both eyes were operated upon the same day, and by the same method, viz: *keratodialysis.* No unfavorable symptoms followed the operation, and, after a short time, the fragments of the lenses having been completely absorbed, the patient had the full use of his eyes.—The results of the experiments made upon him soon after the acquirement of his new sense, for the most part coincided with those obtained by Chelsenden and Wardrob. The eyes required to be exercised for a considerable time before the individual could judge correctly of distance and form, and the difference of colors. He learnt however, to form a correct estimation of the latter much sooner than the former, and very soon fell into mistakes, by drawing his inferences from color extensively; thus, he took a piece of blue paper for a steel knife, &c.—*Lancet.*

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

In Hartford on Tuesday last, about 10 o'clock William, son of Major. William Ripley, about 5 years of age, was killed by a stick from the fence, rolling down upon him. Altheus a younger brother being with him, ran in saying a rail had fallen on William, and he could not get it off. An older person ran out to see, and lifted it off, but he breathed his last. Mrs. Ripley was absent to a neighbor's house, half a mile distant, to warp a web, and while those neighbors who were collected by the alarm, were devising the best method of conveying the melancholy news to her, her eldest daughter about nine years of age, went unbeknown to them, in the agony of her soul, revealed the melancholy tidings which was doubly distressing to her mother. The mother started for home in company with the woman of the house where she then was. She proceeded but 8 or 10 rods and fell dead in the road, or gasped but once or twice after she fell. Major Ripley was about 7 miles from home. A messager was sent to him immediately who told him his child was dead he hurried home and entered his house, saw the corpse of his dear William, and looking round said, "where is my wife, oh, where is my dear wife" She is at neighbor ——— ——, he was answered. But why there in this distressing time? The answer was, she was in the same situation with William. O, the heart-rending scene! No pen can describe the feelings of his wounded spirit. It did for a time deprive him of his reason.—Major R[illegible] is left with five children to mourn their loss—the youngest only 15 weeks old A physician was soon called who examined them He gave it as his opinion that the distress was so great in her, that the main blood vessel near the heart must have burst, which soon terminated her existence—and the neck of the child was broken

Comm.

MARRIED,

In Portland, on Thursday morning last, by Rev Mr. Ten Broeck, Mr. Bezaleel Cushman, Preceptor of Portland Academy, to Miss Emma Motley.—By the Rev Dr Tyler Mr. John R. Brown to Miss Ann M. Greeley.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.

Court of Sessions, June Term, A. D. 1830.

APPLICATION having been made to the Court here to take into consideration the subject of the rates of toll or ferriage, as now established, at the several licensed Ferries in said County of Oxford, and to make such alterations as may be equitable between the public and the owners of the Ferries; it is therefore ordered, that the subject be postponed to the next term of this Court to be holden at Paris in and for said County on the last Tuesday in October next, when a hearing will be had and that notice of the same be published in the Jeffersonian and Observer that all persons interested may be present if they see fit.

Attest. R K GOODENOW, CLERK.

3w16

LIST OF LETTERS
Remaining in the Post Office in Norway, October 1, 1830.

ASA Barton, 13—Samuel Cobb—Benjamin Fuller—James Merrill—Asa Noyes—Sarah Rust—Irene Stevens—William Webster—Miss Mary Whelock.

for WM. REED, P. M.
by INCREASE ROBINSON, A.

AN APPRENTICE WANTED.

WANTED immediately by the subscriber, a Boy about 16 or 17 years of age as an apprentice to the BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.—One of steady habits will meet with good encouragement by applying to

PHINEHAS MORSE.

South Paris, Oct. 1, 1830. 3w16

HENRY GODDARD & CO.

HAVE removed to one of the New Stores on the opposite side, a few doors west of their former Stand, where they have received, in addition to their former Stock, large quantities of

BIRMINGHAM AND SHEFFIELD HARD WARE, SHELF AND HEAVY GOODS,

including a variety of Tin'd, Japan'd and Plated

Saddlery;

and will receive by the first arrival from Liverpool, a complete assortment of

CUTLERY.

They have also received numerous articles of this Country's Manufacture, such as Mill, Crosscut and Tenon SAWS; Steel blade and Ames' SHOVELS; Harness, Skirting and Bridle LEATHER; Girth Web; Cut Nails; Tacks; Brads; Hollow WARE; Glass;—Brass FIRE SETTS, Bellows; Brushes;—Joiner's Moulding Tools and Bench PLANES; Molasses Gates; Shaving Soap; Bed Cord;—Sand Paper; Soap Stone Furnaces; Cotton, Wool and Cattle Cards; Training GUNS;—Fowling Guns; Pistols and Percussion Caps; Looking Glassses; Brass hanging Lamps;—Brass and Jap'd Lamps; Whips and Whip Thongs; Augers; Ship Scrapers: Binacle Lamps; Ship and Deck Lanterns, and a good assortment of **PAINTS.**

The whole embracing almost every description, and a greater variety of goods than are usually found in a Hard Ware Stock, and will be sold at such rates as will give customers no trouble from the prices of others, here or in Boston.

Portland, Sept. 14, 1830. 6w 15

POCKET BOOK LOST,

BY the subscriber on the 25th of August between Poland Corner and Norway Village, a red morocco POCKET BOOK, containing one note of fifty dollars against William Young, given to Otis Swift, about the 20th of January 1829; and one against Henry Dolley of seven dollars, given in August 1826; and also sundry other papers of little value to any one except the owner. Any person who may have found said Pocket Book &c. or who will give information so that they may obtained shall be suitably rewarded. I hereby forbid all persons buying the above notes as the payment of them is stopt.

JOSEPH DOLLEY, Jr

Norway, Sept. 18, 1830. 3w14

Cloth Dressing.

THE subscriber respectfully gives notice to the Inhabitants of Norway and vicinity, that he has erected and put in operation, at the centre of this town, a CLOTHING MILL, and will dress all cloth committed to him, according to his best abilities.

JOHN MARCH.

Norway, Sept. 20, 1830. 14 3w

Albion Corn Plaster!

THE *Albion Corn Plaster* softens the corn, however old and tough, and extracts it to the very roots.—The relief afforded is *gentle, immediate* and *thorough.*

The Proprietor begs leaves to submit the following case, from Mr. Stowell, who is well known to the inhabitants of this city, especially at the south end, and at South Boston, as a very respectable citizen.

A CASE.

SIR—I do not hesitate to give my most unqualified approbation in favor of your valuable *Albion Corn Plaster.* By the use of less than a box, Mrs. Stowell has been cured of a corn on each foot, which had been exceedingly troublesome and painful for years, and I think it but justice to your invaluable preparation to add, (for the encouragement of those, who owing to repeated disappointments in the various remedies resorted to, have finally despaired of a cure,) that your Plaster cured her corns after trying other highly recommended remedies to no purpose; and what increases my confidence in the superiority of your Plaster, is the fact, that it has been used by several of my neighbors with equally good success.

(Signed) SETH STOWELL,
Keeper of the Toll-house, South Boston Bridge.

Mr. T. KIDDER,
Proprietor of the Conway Medicines.

Boston, June 17th, 1829.

***Price 50 cents.

SORE AND INFLAMED EYES!

THE studious, the weakly, and others, who are troubled with soreness or inflammation of that delicate organ, will be able to obtain a most pleasant and invaluable application, in

DUMFRIES'
EYE WATER.

This well established *Wash for the Eye,* is perfectly innocent, and gives immediate relief, even in very aggravated cases of soreness and inflammation. Price 25 cents.

THE TOOTH ACHE!

THIS agonizing disorder is cured in its most painful stages, by one of the most simple as well as powerful remedies known in modern practice. The

CAMBRIAN TOOTH ACHE PILLS

afford instant relief, without inflicting the slightest injury on the teeth.—They are applied externally to the parts affected, with the greatest ease and expedition, and generally operate as a soothing lenitive to the suffering patient. Price 50 cents a box.

DYSPEPSIA,

OF most obstinate character, after having baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, and withstood the most highly recommended medical preparation, has been *checked, relieved,* and *cured,* in a number of instances in and about this city, by using for a short time Dr. RELFE'S

VEGETABLE SPECIFIC, AND ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,

in connexion, according to the directions accompanying the Specific. It is also one of the best medicines known for *Sick Headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Nausea,* and Flatulences.

Price of the Specific and Pills 50 cents each. 4

*** None genuine unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the *sole Proprietor,* T KIDDER, *immediate successor* to the late Dr. W. T. CONWAY. For sale with all the other "*Conway Medicine,*" at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover streets, near concert Hall, Boston; and by his special appointment, by ASA BARTON, who has for sale a general assortment of Drugs and Medicines.

☞ Large discount to those who buy to sell again. Norway Village, Aug. 31 9

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby Cautioned not to purchase two joint notes of hand signed by Daniel Cole and John C. Beckler, running to Liberty Holden, for the sum of twenty dollars each and interest. One note to be paid in neat stock. Said notes are dated November 9 1829, and payable the next April. Said notes were given without any consideration, and I am determined never to pay the same.

JOHN C. BECKLER.

Greenwood, Sept. 10, 1830. 3w14

PROVIDENCE FACTORY
☞ YARN, ☜

SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, GINGHAMS, BEDTICKING, STRIPES Threads, Knitting Cottons, &c. &c. together with a large assortment of Leather and Morocco

SHOES,

warranted good.

ALSO—Men's and Boy's **CAPS,** Travelling **TRUNKS, PAPER HANGINGS,** &c. &c sold wholesale and retail by

HENRY BAILEY.

Exchange-Street, No. 3, Deering's Buildings PORTLAND.

CAUTION.

AN attempt is making to give currency to a *spurious* Composition called JEWETTS, PILLS, on the strength of the *high reputation of the genuine article* which has been so extensively used and so universally esteemed for the last three years.

The genuine *Jewett's Improved Vegetable Pills,* or *German Specific* are prepared from the prescription of a celebrated German Physician, and are *not the formula of any Physician of this country.*—The spurious Pills profess to be prepared from a receipt of a late Phisician in New-Hampshire, of the *same name,* ☞and on the strength of this alone, an effort is made to introduce a spurious article totally dissimilar from the genuine!

These Pills are an effectual remedy for Dyspepsia Jaundice, Diseases of the Liver, Headache, Costiveness, Piles, weakness of the limbs, loss of appetite, dizziness, &c.

NEW CERTIFICALES

That the public may judge of the high reputation of this article the following Certificates, (which among others have been voluntarily presented within the last *three days*) are offered for their perusal.

Certificate of Mr. Joseph Kimball.

The subscriber has heretofore been much afflicted with Jaundice, connected with dyspepsia, attended with pain in the forehead, general weakness an indescribable faintness, heart burn, and a great irregularity in the bowels, which complaints continued to increase for nearly two years, notwithstanding the use of a great variety of remedies, designed to relieve them. A few months since I made a trial of *Jewett's Improved Vegetable Pills* (prepared by H. Plumley.) *The Relief they afforded was immediate.* I continued the medicine until I had taken three boxes, during which time my strength steadily increased and I now enjoy a state of health far above what I had experienced for many years.

(Signed) JOSEPH KIMBALL.

Boston, September 16,

Certificate of Dr. A. S. Grenville

Having the most satisfactory evidence of the medical qualities, and highly salutory operation of *Jewett's Improved Vegetable Pills,* (prepared by H. Plumley,) in cases of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Disease of the Liver, &c. I would confidently recommend their use to those who may be afflicted with the above class of complaints, as an invaluable remedy. (Signed)

Cambridgeport, September 16, 1827.]

A. S. GRENVILLE.

Certificate of Dr Baumlin.

The following is a certificate from Dr C. F. Baumlin, a graduate in medicine at the University of Gottingen, now a practitioner of high celebrity in Cambridge, Mass.

The subscriber has tested the effects of *Jewett's Improved Vegetable Pills,* in several severe cases of Disease of the Liver and digestive organs, and the result has convinced him that they are eminently calculated to subserve the purpose for which they are designed. Considering them altogether superior to those articles commonly offered for similar complaints, I would cheerfully add my testimony in favor of so valuable a medicine. (Signed)

CHARLES FREDERICK BAUMLIN, M. D.

The genuine Pills, marked and distinguished as above, are for sale by

ASA BARTON, Agent,

for the Proprietor, who has also for sale Jewetts Bitters, and Stomach Plasters, with a general assortment of Family Medicines. Norway Aug. 9. 1amly9

Carding Machines.

THE subscriber is the authorized Agent for selling WING'S IMPROVED **CARDING MACHINES.** These Machines are of a very superior quality, and altogether preferable to any other in use. They are less expensive, perform more and better work, will card the finest of wool, are tended and kept in repair easier, and require less power to keep them in operation. A credit will be given when desired, so liberal, that the Machine will earn the money it costs before payment is requested.

ALSO THE

IMPROVED GRISTMILL,

which is so constructed as to require but little room, can be tended and kept in repair much easier and cheaper than the common mill, will perform as much work, and as well, with a great deal less power The cost is comparatively trifling as about one hundred and fifty dollars will cover the expense for one run of Stones and Machinery.

Any information respecting the Carding Machines or Mills, may be obtained of the subscriber, by letter, (if post paid) or otherwise.

ASA BARTON, *General Agent.*

Norway Village, March 23. 1yeop41

ALVAN DINSMORE,

INFORMS the public that he intends to open a School at Buckfield Academy for the purpose of instructing young Ladies and Gentlemen, in those branches of education usually taught in our Academy. Said School will commence by the middle of September next.

*** TUITION—25 cents per week, or $2,50 per quarter.

Poland, Aug. 24, 1830. 3w11

Book and Job Printing
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

POETRY.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

[BY REQUEST.]

Lines composed on the Sickness and Deaths that took place in the family of Mr. James Buck, of Norway, in the autumn of the year 1829.

'TWAS in the autumn of the year
Of twenty-nine that's past,
The hand that wipe'd the falling tear,
Has wip'd away the last—
The father's hope, the father's care,
The children's first belov'd,
In pain and sikness she did share,
And di'd beneath its load.

A daughter dear was call'd away
Before the mother went—
Not all the attention they could pay,
A moment could be lent.
The summons came and she must go
And leave them all behind;
And shortly after she was gone,
The Mother her did find.

The scene was solemn to behold,
Affliction's hand had grasp'd
Almost of the whole family—
A pale and deathly cast.
But the good hand that did afflict,
In mercy has display'd
That all the rest that was confin'd,
To health they have been restor'd.

The father and the husband too,
How desolate his home
Where he did long his mate enjoy—
But now he's left alone.
Her pleasant smiles that us'd to cheer,
And counsels she has given,—
The recollection of them all,
Oh, my poor heart has riven.

But stop, says patience, wait awhile,
Deprived as you see—
Your wife and child shall see again,
And with them ever be.
So death hath torn away your joys,
But Heaven will make amends;
Trust in God, while here you stay,
For much on this depends.

My composition will close
By wishing well to you;
May all your hosehold be of faith,
The way of peace pursue.
So when the dreams of life are o'er,
And time itself shall die—
Both you and yours, and me and mine,
Will reign above the sky. P. W.

The following ode from the pen of the Poet Percival was written for the late celebration of National Independence in the city of New-Haven, Conn.

OUR FLAG.

Lift, lift the eagle banner high,
Our guide to fame—
On ocean's breezes bid it fly,
Like meteors wafting through the sky
Their pomp of flame,
Till wide on every sea unfurl'd,
It tells to an admiring world
Our name.

Oh! proudly burns its beacon light
On victory's path—
Thro' Freedom's dawn, through dangers night,
Onward, still onward, rolling bright,
It sweeps in wrath—
Still lightning-like, to him who dares
Confront the terror of our stars,
Its scath.

Still heavenward mounts the generous flame,
And never tires—
Does Envy dare insult our name,
Or lurking falsehood brand with shame
Our buried sires?
The armed Colossus thunders by,
Wide wave our stripes—the dastard lie
Expires.

AUTUMN.

Sweet sabbath of the year!
While evening-lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the word away!

Amid thy silent bowers
'Tis sad but sweet to dwell;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe farewell.

Along the sunset skies
Their glories melt in shade;
And, like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose;
As on Consumption's waning cheek,
'Mid ruin, blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay;
Of fair and early faded things,
Too exquisite to stay;

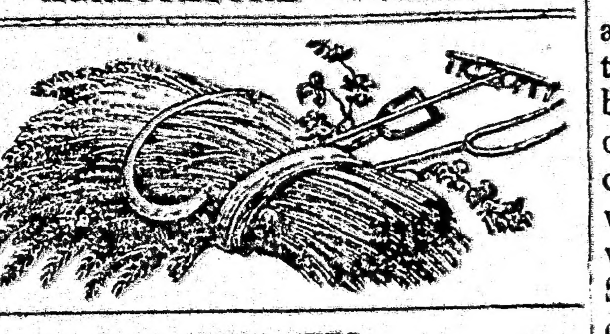
Of joys that come no more;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore;
Of friends estranged or dead;

Of all that now, may seem
To Memory's tearful eye
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

WISE REMARKS.—Riches and happiness have nothing to do with one another, though extreme poverty and misery are nearly related.

The discontented rich are poor; and an opulent miser may live worse than a beggar.

AGRICULTURE---UTILITY.



KEEP BEES.

Few persons are aware of the great profits and advantages arising from the culture of bees. No country possesses greater advantages for their cultivation than our own, and we know of none in which it is more grossly neglected. The time and the capital required is of little importance. Mr. Huish, an English apiarian, asserts that two hundred hives may be properly managed by one person with some slight assistance during the swarming season. He states the profits of five years, on a fair and equitable scale, making, at the same time, fair and ample allowance for the losses which even the most skillful apiarians cannot prevent. "Suppose a person purchase a swarm for one guinea, the actual profit at the end of five years will be 63*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.* sterling. The great importance of this branch of agriculture to a country will appear, when it is considered that England pays annually to the north of Germany, and Italy, 80,000*l.* sterling for the produce of the bee." According to a modern author it has been estimated that the little island of Corsica, in former times, produced no less than 400,000 lbs. of wax, and six or eight million lbs. of honey, annually: an immense source of wealth for a little Island, and all from the labors of a little insect. The culture of the bee is a particular object to the Hanoverians; their produce of wax in 1782, was estimated at 300,000 lbs. and of honey, 4,500,000 lbs. a most incredible quantity to be collected in one year.

Even in America, honey and wax are imported to a very considerable amount, but were proper attention bestowed on the subject, the necessity of importation might be entirely superseded. A hundred fold more bees might be supported than now have existence in our country. An apiary would be a source of profit and amusement, as an appendage to every rural establishment. With great propriety, therefore, we may enjoin it upon our friends, in the language of the French bishop to his impoverished clergy, "*Keep bees, keep bees.*"

FALL SOWING OF SEEDS.

Cabbages, Parsnips, Carrots, Spinach, and Onions are sowed to the best advantage in the fall, when it is desirable to get them early the next season. Miller's Gardener's Dictionary says, 'to cultivate parsnips, *sow the seeds in autumn, soon after they are ripe;* by which means the seed will come early the following spring, and let the plants get strong before the weeds will grow so as to injure them. The young plants never materially suffer through the severity of the season.'—*New England Farmer.*

CULTURE OF SILK.

A visit yesterday, to J. H. Cobb, Esq. of Dedham, afforded us much pleasure as it enabled us to witness the progress, he had made in the culture of silk and in the nice process of reeling it. He has on hand a large quantity of the Silk worm's eggs, as well as of the silk cocoons. The process of reeling was performed on a machine improved by Mr. Cobb, in a satisfactory manner.

We advise our agriculturalists to call on Mr. Cobb, and obtain the information to enable them to commence the culture of silk, which we believe, is destined ere long to become an important branch of New-England husbandry. The first thing to be done, is to plant the white Mulberry trees, in sufficient numbers to supply food for silk worms. After this has been done the rest of the process is easy and within the means of every family. The work can all be done by females, old men and children, who are unfit for the severer labors of husbandry. Considerable attention is now given to this subject in New Hampshire and in the vicinity of Philadelphia. One town in Connecticut produces, annually, silk to the amount of $25,000. The climate of the United States is peculiarly adapted to its culture, so much so, as to give superiority to the American unmanufactured article. It is not rash therefore to predict, that the production of silk may yet become one of the great employments of American industry and a new source of National wealth. It is well worth the attention of every intelligent agriculturalist.—*Boston Patriot.*

A VISIT TO THE CHEROKEES ON THE SABBATH.—The United States [Philadelphia] Gazette of Wednesday last, contains the following as an extract of a letter from a gentlemen of high respectability at the South.

Some months since I accompanied a small party of soldiers to the Cherokee country, in order to quiet some disturbances, which had arisen between the Indians and some white intruders. in the execution of this duty, circumstances rendered it necessary for us to visit some of their head men, and among others, Mr. John Ross their principal chief. The dwelling of Mr. Ross is pleasantly situated on the northern bank of the Coosa river, the house is very well built, much in the style of the residences of farmers in flourishing circumstances at the north, and is surrounded by well cultivated fields. The day on which we arrived happened to be on Sunday, and from the concourse of well dressed natives there assembled, we supposed they intended celebrating divine service. This proved to be the case; for, after a short time, we were invited by Mr. Ross "to hear divine service performed in Cherokee." We attended accordingly, and found an audience of about fifty Indians. There were present two regularly ordained *native* preachers, of the Methodist persuasion; one of them was a full blooded Indian, the other a very dark 'mixed blood,' possibly one fourth white: the services commenced by the singing of hymns in the Cherokee tongue, translated from the English, and adapted to English tunes, hymn books in the Cherokee character were used, and nearly all the audience participated in the sacred exercise; then followed a chapter from the Bible, then a sermon and exhortation, &c. according to the rites of the Methodist church. The deportment of the audience throughout, was serious and attentive. I need not say that I was surprised and indeed delighted; it was a truly affecting sight to see the descendants of a race, who, twenty years since, were plunged in ignorance and barbarism, now profiting so largely by the precepts of that Gospel, intended by its divine author to benefit alike the white man and the red man.

I entered the Cherokee country with an impression that through the well meaning zeal of their (the Cherokee's) friends, the accounts given of their progress in civilization &c. had been rather exaggerated; but, although I visited by no means the most flourishing portions of country, I was led to the conclusion that if errors had been committed, that they were generally on the side least favorable to the Cherokees.

Mr. Ross, as you have no doubt heard, is a gentleman of excellent natural talents, and of solid, I had almost said, brilliant attainments. His library is small but well arranged, when I mention that it contains an excellent edition of Livy, you can form some idea of the remainder of its contents. I had an opportunity to see but few of the other Chiefs; of these, some were full Indians and others of mixed blood. They appeared to be men of good sense, and generally possessed a tolerable good English education, which they acquired in Tennessee and at the Missionary establishments. The common people were almost universally comfortably clothed in habiliments of their own manufacture, and after the manner of the whites."

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
WATERFORD.

I HEREBY give notice to the non-resident Proprietors and owners of the following described Lots and Parcels of Land. situated in Waterford in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber to collect. State, County and Town taxes for the years 1828 and 1829 and deficiencies of Highway taxes for the years 1827 and 1828, as follows, to wit:—

Proprietors.	Lot.	Range.	Tax of 1828.	Defi'cy 1827	Tax of 1829	Defi. 1828.	Total.
			$ c	$ c	$ c	$ c	$ c
Joel Whittemore,	12	10	132		154	32	318
Hall Store,			118	118	138	125	499
Unknown,	11	1	059				059
do.	5	3	035				035
do W. p.	12	5	087	146			233
do	1	6	118				118
do.	12	7	122				122
do.	11	11	150	150			300
do.	9	13	118				118
do. W. p.	5	14	235				235
do. 18 acr's,	6	2			083		083
Willard house 1 c'r					413		413
1-6 Hay farm,					036		036
Unknown,	11	6			275	375	650
do.	11	12	150	150			300

Now, unless said taxes with all necessary intervening charges are paid to me on or before Monday the third day of January next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, I shall proceed to sell at public Vendue, so much of said Lots, and parcels of Land as will pay said taxes and charges at the tavern-house of William Brown in said town.

HENRY HOUGHTON, Collector of Waterford for 1828 and 1829.
Waterford, Sept. 6, 1830. *3w15

At a Court of Probate holden at Livermore within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty—

ON the petition of ZEBULON NORTON, administrator of the estate of PHILIP PITTS, late of Livermore, in said County, gentleman, deceased, representing that the personal estate is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of two hundred and twenty-six dollars and forty cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in a newspaper printed in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon and shew cause if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
A true copy,
Attest, THOMAS CLARK, Register.

New Bargains.

C. J. STONE,
CORNER OF COURT AND MIDDLE-STREETS, PORTLAND,

HAS just received from the New-York Auctions a large assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS, purchased at great sacrifices, and will be sold lower than ever previously offered—among which are—

LADIE'S Blue, Brown, Olive & Mix't Cloths from 8|3 to $8; 20 ps Tartan, Scotch and Rob Roy Plaids from 20 cts to 2s; Red, White, Yellow and Green FLANNELS; 50 ps fine Circassians, assorted Colors 25 cts to 2|6 per yard; 5 cases fancy Calicoes 8 to 12 1-2 cts; 6 cases very rich dark fancy Prints 1s to 28 cts; 1 case fine Philadelphia Plaids, 12 1-2 cts; Rich dark English, French and German Ginghams; 50 doz. Cotton and Silk Flag Hdkfs 12 1-2 to 2|3; 2200 yds Bobbinett and Mecklin Laces 2 cts to 1s; Blk Levantine, Gros de Naples and Italian Silks. Blk Nankin & Canton Crapes $2,75 to $6; Blk & White Lace Veils 2s to $4; Superfine 4|4 Checks at 1s; 20 bales Brown & Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings 5 to 20 cts. Super Ticking 13 to 25 cts; black and other cols Bombazetts 15 cts to 1 s; Sattinetts; Cassimeres; blk & slate Worsted Hosiery; Silk do; Gentleman's and Ladie's Silk, Beaver, Horseskin & Kid Gloves; Hosiery and York tan Mitts; Mens Stout Buckskin Gloves; Ribbons; Laces; Braids; Cords; 1 case Pins; Linens; Long Lawns; White, Blk and Red Merino Shawls; White, Blk and col'd Cambrics; Plain and figd Bock, Jackonet, Cambrick & Swiss Muslins—with many other articles too numerous to mention.

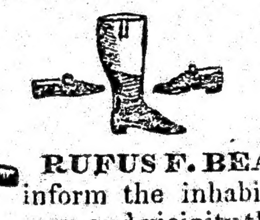
N. B. A liberal Credit will be given to country Dealers. Nov. 3. 19

☞ *Money and Steam!*

THE Maine State Lottery for the encouragement of Steam Navigation is now in opperation, and some very handsome prizes have been sold. The Lottery draws to-morrow, and will continue to draw about once in two weeks. Persons who wish to make money are invited to purchase a ticket at Barton's. He has sold more prizes than any other person in the State in proportion to his tickets. Letters attended to the same as on personal application.

ASA BARTON, Agent.
Norway, Sept. 13. 3w 13

BOOTS AND SHOES!!



RUFUS F. BEAL WOULD inform the inhabitants of Norway and vicinity that he has on hand and will constantly keep a good assortment of Gentlemen's and Ladies' SHOES. Ladie's Morocco, Kid, and Prunella Shoes. Children's Shoes. Slippers, &c. which he will sell at wholesale and retail, cheap for Cash or approved credit.

☞He also continues to manufacture Boots and Shoes of all descriptions at short notice.

☞All of the above manufacture are warranted to be good. Boots and Shoes made to measure, of the best stock.

Norway Village, Aug. 21, 1830, 3w10

MONEY!!! WANTED!!!

OWING to the pressing want of "MONEY" at this time we are admonished by our obligations to our creditors that we must not be unmindful of their liberality towards us, and are therefore necessarily compelled to call upon all persons who are indebted to the undersigned, for ADVERTISING and JOB PRINTING, to be 'punctual' and make immediate payment, (for punctuality is the best safeguard to promote the welfare of all trades.) It is not our desire to DUN at any time, but when necessity 'stares us in the face' we are driven to the unpleasant task of doing it. We hope our patrons will take this as a friendly hint, and remit to us our due forthwith.

GOODNOW & PHELPS.
Observer Office, Norway, July 26, 1830.

ASHES!
WANTED.

THE subscriber will continue to take well burnt Dry House ASHES through the season, for which he will pay 14 cents per Bushel, in GOODS.

INCREASE ROBINSON.
Norway, June 8, 1830. 50 2m

Cart Wheels, &c.

ONE good pair of White Oak Cart Wheels. Four good Spinning Wheels and one Linen Wheel, for sale cheap if applied for immediately.

Also, 40d, 20d, 10d, 6d, and 4d Cut Nails, at 8 cents per pound.

Also, a quantity of empty Boxes, Barrels, Casks &c. cheap.

Likewise, a few casks of good LIME.

ASA BARTON, Agent.
Sept. 14. 3w 13

For sale as above, a few good New York Hats, very low.

CAUTION!

ALL persons are hereby cautioned not to purchase a Note of hand by me signed, running to Patty Holman, or order, for the sum of twenty dollars and interest, dated May 5, 1830, and payable in one year from date; said note was given without any consideration, and I am determined never to pay the same. OLIVER PUTNAM.

Dixfield, Aug. 28, 1830. *3w12

Book and Job Printing
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
GENIUS OF TEMPERANCE,
Philanthropist and People's Advocate.

THIS publication, now commenced in *New York*, is a continuation of the "*Philanthropist, Investigator and Genius of Temperance,*" hitherto published in Boston, and will continue in the hands of the same editors and publishers.

It will seek, as in years past, to be an auxiliary to the TEMPERANCE REFORMATION, recording its progress with fidelity, maintaining its principles without compromise, and favoring, without partiality, all those individual, local, or more general efforts, by which the cause has been or may be promoted. Belonging to no sect, or party, it will carefully guard against occasions of sectarian dissention, and thus endeavor to promote among the people at large, the work of self-reform on republican principles.

It will oppose *intemperance*, in its causes, its concomitants, and its effects.—The use, manufacture, and sale of distilled spirits; the demoralizing influences of the theatre, and of the sensualizing literature; the feverish thirst for amusement, and passion for splendor and show; the spirit of reckless speculations, induced by profligate expenditure, the kindred mania of lottery and other gambling, the similar "schemes" of bank frauds; the venality which shelters opulant plunderers, ripening into a system of monopolies; the burdens of an idle and vicious pauperism; and the oppressions of an effeminate and knavish aristocracy; these will all be exhibited as connected links of the same chain of corruption and despotism.

It will therefore seek to build, on the basis of moral reform, the edifice of general philanthropy and the citadel of the people's rights. General education at public expense, in consistency with parental duties and rights; the abolition of the imprisonment of honest debtors, counterbalanced by the punishment of fraud; the relinquishment of unjust monopolies, the final emancipation of the enslaved, and the general settlement of national disputes without blood-shed will be advocated as means or as results of moral reform, in full confidence, that with the moral habits of a people, their intellectual and political condition will be elevated

Confronting tyranny, not with that atheism and licentiousness from which tyranny originates; but with the restraints of that moral obligation, at which tyrants tremble, it will advocate liberty not licentiousness, equal rights, not the annihilation of rights; just laws, not agrarianism; the equality of men, not the equality of brutes.

Supporting strict morality, it will equally support religious liberty, and discountenance a union of church and state. It is not designed as a religious newspaper, or as a vehicle of religious intelligence. Other news, foreign and domestic, will be faithfully and amply furnished including the proceedings of the national and state legislatures.

TERMS.—$2,50 per annum, if paid in advance, or within *three months* from the commencement of a year; or three dollars per annum if not paid till after the expiration of that period. To individuals or companies, who take 6 or more copies, (sending the pay *free* of expense, and without being called on by the Editors or travelling agents) a discount of 15 per cent. will be made.

Persons who authorize the entry of their names on our list, will be considered subscribers until they give intimation of a wish to discontinue.

WILLIAM GOODELL,
PHINEAS CRANDALL.

GENERAL DEPOSITE FOR PUBLISHERS—Portland, Maine.

S. COLMAN,

AGENT for Publishers of Books & Periodical Journals, throughout the Union, has made a General Deposit at Portland, Maine, from which place, quarterly and monthly journals will be sent to all parts of the State, by mail or otherwise.

☞*Orders for Books, also for English Magazines and Newspapers, supplied with punctuality.*

Portland, March, 1830. 48tf

JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

PUBLISHED twice a month, $1,-25 per annum or sixteen numbers can be had for one dollar, remitted post paid to SAMUEL COLEMAN, Portland, Agent for Maine. Sept. 23.

THE OXFORD OBSERVER,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS per annum, or, ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS to those who pay cash in advance, or within three months from the time of their subscription.

Those subscribing for a year, who do not, either at the time of ordering the paper, or subsequently, give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the expiration of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will be continued accordingly at the option of the publishers.

The publishers will not hold themselves responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the sum charged for its insertion.

☞All LETTERS and COMMUNICATIONS intended for the OBSERVER, must be addressed to the publishers, ☞POST PAID.☜